

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

EVER within these ears is the voice of Cupid resounding—
Ever my eyes to Desire carry their tribute of tears.
Neither the night nor the day brings rest, but by magical philtres;
Love's too well-known mark now is impressed on my heart.
Oh! can it be, wing'd Cupids, that you can do nought but assail us?
Oh! is your pow'r at an end when you would fly from our hearts?
J. O.

ALBONI.

AFTER playing Leonor, in the *Favorite*, with immense success, at Amsterdam and the Hague, Alboni has left Holland, covered with laurels. The icy hearts of the flat and drowsy Dutchmen were melted into butter by the thrilling tones and sunny looks of the Italian songstress, whose sweet warbling made the tears flow from their herring-like eyes, and trickle down their India-rubber cheeks. Alboni has the secret of vanquishing all sorts of audiences; she moves with equal facility the stoniest and the softest breast.

Alboni was in Paris last week, and assisted at one of the representations of the *Prophète*, at the Grand Opera. She appeared delighted with Meyerbeer's great work, which she listened to with absorbed attention. Alboni's visit to Paris is not a professional one. It was simply to spend a few days with her youngest brother, who is being educated for the military profession in one of the colleges.

PUNCH AND MENDELSSOHN.

WE write *Punch* first, because he has behaved like a good boy. Instead of quizzing the etymology of the musical critic, he has paid homage to a great musical genius. *Punch* has given the honest reviewers of the press, who have been long fighting for the good cause against the shafts of ridicule and the sneers of indifference, a real lift. He has dealt a buffet to the "fast school," from the effects of which they can scarcely recover. But let Mr. Pips speak for himself. He never had a worthier theme for his quaint and humble eloquence:—

"THURSDAY, December 6th, 1849.—Did set my Wife, poor Wretch! this Evening to mend my Socks, which is a pretty Employment for her Leisure; and myself to Drury Lane, to Monsieur Jullien his Concert. The first Part of the Concert all Dr. MENDELSSOHN his Musique, which I did long mightily to hear, and, so to do in Comfort, buy a Ticket for the Dress Circle, cost me 2s. 6d., but found the Seats all full, and obliged to stand the whole While, which made me mad, but a pretty full-eyed young Lady being forced to stand too, and close by me, though with her Brother, did comfort me a little, not that she could not sit, but that she was by me. Heard a Symphony that did well please me, seeming to lift me into the Clouds, and was mighty mystical and pretty; and the Musique in the Midsummer Night's Dream did give me much Delight; the Twittering throughout the Overture putting me in Mind of Singing-Birds and Fairies and I know not what, and the sleepy Passages very sweet and lulling. Mightily taken with the Prelude to the Mock-Tragedy, Bottom his March, as droll Musique as I ever heard; but what did most of all delight me was the Wedding March, a noble Piece, and I did rejoice therein, and do think to hire a Band to play it under our Window on my

Wedding Day. Monsieur Jullien in his white Waistcoat and with his Moustachios mighty spruce and as grand as ever, and did conduct the Musique, but so quietly in the first Part that I could scarce have believed it, and methought showed Reverence for the Composer; which was handsome. But good Lack! to see him presently, when he came to direct "God save the Queen," flourish his Baton, and act the mad Musician! All the Company rising and taking off their Hats, was a noble sight, and grand the While, to hear that majestic Anthem. Jullien had a special Audience this Night. Between the Parts, I into the Pit to walk about among the Sparks, and there a great Press, and the House crammed to the Ceiling. Did visit the Refreshment and Reading Rooms, where young Blades and Lassies drinking of Coffee and eating of Ices, and some reading of the News, and with Shrubs and Statues round about, and the House all White and Gold, and brightly lighted, mighty gay; and the Sparks jaunty, but not, I think, wearing such flaming Neckcloths and Breast Pins as they were wont. Did stay out the second Part only because curious to hear the Row-Polka, and heard some Musique of the *Prophète*, full of Snorting of Brass Instruments and Tinkling of Triangles, and a long Waltz that did give me the Fidgets, and nothing wherein I could take any Delight at all, save in Jetty Treffz her singing of 'Trab, Trab,' which was pretty. At last the Row Polka played, and well-named it seemed to be, and very droll and absurd with Chiming-in of Voices and other monstrous Accompaniments, making a good ridiculous rough Musique. But many of the Hearers did hiss, methought with Unreason, the Polka being no worse than any other Polka, but better as less empty, having some Joke in it.

"HOME, THE WEDDING MARCH RUNNING IN MY HEAD, AND GLAD TO FIND GOOD MUSIQUE DRAWING SO GREAT A HOUSE, WHICH I DO HOPE WILL BE A HINT TO MONSIEUR JULLIEN."

Bravo, Mr. Pips! If you had written three columns, you could not have said more to the purpose. The time is not far off, we are confident, when, writing on the same subject, you will be inclined to give the preference to the first piece, which you now give to the last—to the Symphony, which takes thirty-five minutes in performance, instead of to the Wedding March, which takes only five.

Now that we know where your heart is, good Mr. *Punch*, we shall better be able to put up with your fun. You have spoken with respect and admiration of the great and lamented Mendelssohn. Laugh your utmost now, and make your readers laugh, with our unhappy technicalities; we shall never quarrel with you henceforward.

ALBERT SMITH versus R. SHEPHERD.

THE Surrey manager has put forth an answer to the accusation of Mr. Smith, which we feel bound in fairness to reproduce, having given a wider circulation to the latter than it could possibly have received through the medium of the Sunday press. Mr. Shepherd writes lengthily, and as follows:—

MANAGERS AND DRAMATIC AUTHORS.

"MR. EDITOR,—Perceiving in your paper of the 2nd inst. a letter from Mr. Albert Smith, charging me with having appropriated an original idea of his in the drama of the *Ocean Wave*, now acting at the Surrey Theatre, I request the favour of your inserting the following statement of facts in reply, respecting this said idea.

"Mr. Smith did (as he has stated) propose writing a drama, the main feature of which would have been to illustrate an effect depending solely

on the carpenter's hammer and the blacksmith's anvil, and which drama he kindly offered to make me a present of. Now, considering this effect was to embody and carry out *Mr. Smith's idea*, it would have been a complimentary and valuable gift. It is unnecessary to say why he did not fulfil his good intentions; it is sufficient to state that, through no misunderstanding between us, the drama was not written, though I cannot but express surprise that I had not the advantage of his bounty, having subsequently found that the idea was not his own. The drama of the *Mousquetaires*, by Alexander Dumas, produced in the year 1845, at the Ambigu Comique, Paris, has in it the section of a ship, as described by Mr. Smith, the only incident in the piece produced at the Surrey Theatre which he claims as his original idea.

"My attention was directed to this by the party who arranged the drama of the *Ocean Wave*, and I did not think I was acting unfairly in appropriating an *idea* belonging to any one (in this country) who might choose to adopt it. Mr. Smith accuses me of having, in the most barefaced manner, pilfered from him this brilliant notion. Now, what can be more barefaced than Mr. Smith's endeavour to palm off an effect produced by Monsieur Dumas, in Paris, as the bright emanation of his own fertile imagination? If my memory serves me, Puff, in the *Critic*, says something about Shakspeare having anticipated some of his ideas. Now, believing in Mr. Smith's integrity, I must regard him in the same position as poor Puff—that he was anticipated by Monsieur Dumas; and that he penned the letter which appeared in your columns last Sunday under the hallucination that he had been deprived of thoughts which were solely the creation of his rich, varied, and well-stored mind.

"I beg to apologise for the length of this letter, but look upon it as an act of justice to myself and the establishment I am connected with, to repel Mr. Smith's charges, and vindicate my own integrity.

"I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

"Apsley-lodge, Clapham, Dec. 7.

"R. SHEPHERD."

Whereunto Mr. Smith reiterates his former opinion in the fashion underwrit:—

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S REPLY.

"Mr. EDITOR,—Perceiving that Mr. Shepherd has replied to my letter of last week in the early edition of the *Sunday Times*, will you permit me to take advantage of your later impression to state that I never saw nor read the piece he alludes to, and that until I have done so, and found that the action and set of the piece entirely corresponds with the one I submitted to the Surrey management, I shall entertain no other opinion of the transaction than that which I stated in my letter.

"I do not wish to intrude longer on your time and patience, to refute the whole of Mr. Shepherd's letter, which I will do him the justice to say is written with much tact. The mysterious "party" who arranged the drama of the *Ocean Wave* is, I expect, the only person who could satisfactorily clear up the whole affair.

"I am, sir, yours respectfully,

"Saturday Afternoon.

"ALBERT SMITH."

The "much tact" of Mr. Shepherd, charitably acknowledged by his opponent, has escaped us; although we have perused his letter, line by line, placing our fore-finger on each syllable, lest, for lack of due attention, the "tact" should evaporate. However, Mr. Smith, as a magnanimous enemy, has a perfect right to discover good things in his antagonist's defence. We have no business to quarrel with him on that point, albeit our own intelligence is too opaque to perceive the *esprit* of the Surrey manager.

Mr. Smith makes a capital hit when he affirms never to have "seen or read" the piece to which Mr. Shepherd alludes. How then, in the name of Jupiter, could he have cribbed the "action and set" of any particular scene? Nathless, great writers sometimes jump together, and it is possible that Mr. Dumas and Mr. Smith may have instantaneously and consensually given birth to the same idea, of an inside of a ship in the inside of a theatre. How wonderful are the freaks, or rather the ordinances, of Nature!

After all, however, as Mr. Smith shrewdly guesses, "the mysterious party" who concocted the *Ocean Wave* can alone give a satisfactory explanation of this grave and imminent matter.

SONNET.

NO. CLXIII.

STRANGE was the moment, when the Avatar,
After long fettering by an earthly chain,—
After long discipline by earthly pain,—
After an universe had seem'd to war
Against him, and to set a constant bar
To his strong efforts, so that when in vain
He long had struggled, he had wished to gain
Some tranquil spot, from ev'ry contest far;—
Strange was the moment, when at last he woke
From his sad dream, and calmly looked around,
While mystic light render'd his eye sharp-seeing.
No sooner were the fetters seen than broke;
And then each seeming obstacle he found
Was but the efflux of his own great Being.

N. D.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(Continued from page 771.)

CVII. WHEN this Egyptian Sesostris was returning home, bringing with him many captives of the nations whose lands he had conquered, and had arrived at the Pelusian Daphnæ, the priests say, that his brother, to whom he had intrusted Egypt, invited him and his children to a feast, and surrounding the house with wood, set fire to it. Sesostris perceiving this, immediately consulted his wife (who had come with him), and she advised him to place two of the children, who were six in number, across the pile, and thus make a bridge over the burning mass, by walking on which they might save themselves. Sesostris did this, and thus two of the children perished, but the rest were saved.

CVIII. When Sesostris had returned into Egypt and punished his brother, he used the captives of the subdued nations, whom he had brought with him, for this purpose: they drew the stones, which are of enormous size, to the temple of Hephæstus (Vulcan), and were forced to dig all the canals which are now in Egypt. Thus these captives, against their will, made Egypt, which had previously abounded in horses and chariots, destitute of both; for from that time, although the country is entirely a plain, horses ceased to be used. The cause of this is the canals, which are very numerous, and run in every direction. The king had the canals cut, because those of the Egyptians whose cities were not near the river, but inland, suffered a scarcity of fresh water, and used the salt water, which they drew from the wells.

CIX. They told me also, that this king distributed all the land among the Egyptians, giving an equal square lot to each person; and that he thence derived his revenue, by imposing an annual tax. If the river took off a part of any one's lot, he went to the king and told him what had happened. The latter then sent persons to examine and measure how much the land had been diminished, that the owner might only pay a tax proportioned to the part that was left. This seems to me to have been the origin of geometry, which afterwards passed over into Greece. The *polus* and the gnomon (*a*) and the twelve parts of the day, the Greeks learned from the Babylonians.

CX. This was the only Egyptian King who reigned over Ethiopia. He left, as monuments, some stone statues before the Temple of Vulcan; two of them, representing himself and his wife, are thirty cubits high, and the other four representing the children, twenty cubits each. A long while afterwards, when Darius, the Persian, was about to put his own statue in front of these, the priest of Hephæstus (Vulcan) would not allow him, saying that he had not done such deeds as Sesostris,

the Egyptian; for Sesostris had subdued no fewer nations than he, and had, moreover, conquered the Scythians, whom Darius had not been able to conquer. Hence it was not just (he said), for any one to place statues before the effigies of Sesostris, unless he had surpassed him in his deeds. Darius, they say, pardoned the priest for these words.

NOTE.

(a) The *polus* is a concave sun-dial; and the *gnomon* a column on a plane surface to determine the sun's place.

READINGS FROM THE GERMAN MUSICAL LITERATURE.

(Selected and Translated for the Musical World.)

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

A SKETCH BY ORTLEPP.

II.—PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

WE meet Mozart again in the middle of the night, but three months later, when he had already completed for his unknown friend the greatest part of his Requiem. Outside it snowed, and the storm blew the flakes against the clattering windows; but in and about Mozart there was nothing but music.

About eight o'clock his wife had entered the room with their two children—a son and a daughter—to beg him to come down to supper.

"I have no appetite to day," said Mozart, "please take your supper by yourselves!"

"But I do not enjoy a meal," said the daughter (the younger of the two children), "when my dear papa, whom I love so much, is not with us."

"Father, you look very pale to-night," said the son, "come down with us to supper; mother has prepared roast-goose, with *braunbake* (stewed greens); you know it is our favourite dish, and you will certainly enjoy it."

"No!" replied Mozart, "to-day I feel no hunger or thirst for eating food. Go, dear wife and children, I wish you may enjoy it. Good night! for to-day I cannot eat a bit. But, my dear Constance, have the goodness to send up a few bottles of champagne; I want something strengthening, as my stock of ideas is well nigh exhausted."

Wife and children went away with tears in their eyes, and left the father alone, who, after the champagne had been sent up, locked the door. Mozart was this night in a peculiar mood. In the morning his boy had wept at his ghastly looks, and said, "Father, I am sure you will soon die!"

He felt, indeed, very unwell. Some days before, the chapel-master, Salieri, had invited him to dinner. In Vienna there was no man who had treated Mozart with greater attention and kindness than chapel-master Salieri, whom, for this very reason, the former did not trust much. The evening after the dinner he felt a cramp and pains in his bowels, against which no physic would prevail. This Mozart, himself, attributed to a dietetic transgression; a fault which he was too apt to commit, but which this time had produced more serious consequences than ever before. For Salieri was a very pious man, whom there was no reason to believe jealous of Mozart's renown.

It was the same day of the month when the stranger had appeared to him, or when Mozart had, perhaps, merely dreamt of such an appearance. The clock struck twelve. The Requiem, as we mentioned before, had very much progressed, but Mozart's strength was also almost exhausted. He had spent over it many a night, and awoke paler every

morning, but yet could not separate himself from the work. This night, in particular, he felt himself to be much disposed for composing. He fancied the dark stranger stood again before him, reminding him of his contract, and supplying him with some melodies and themes, which he still wanted, and which came to him quite spontaneously. The writing went on rapidly; the black man looked over his shoulders into the manuscript, and from time to time whispered into his ears, "Bravo, my little friend! go on! you know you will compose yourself to death; what matters it, whether a day sooner or later, so as you get well paid?"

A shudder came over Mozart; it was as if hell stood at his side, to buy of him his last and most beloved work; but he folded his hands in prayer, and then came into his mind the melody of "*Tuba mirum spargens sonum!*" which drowned the whispering of his black companion.

Several times the dark one repeated his whisper—"Mozart, you'll soon die! I help you to write your own death-mass!" But Mozart heard or heeded him not, and continued to write until sleep overpowered his weakened frame.

III.—THE LAST PROMENADE.

It was a lovely autumn afternoon, when Mozart walked for the last time into the fields.

"Upon the silent bowers and meadows
The sinking day drops peace;
The stillness of autumn embraces nature!
How pure and fresh is the air!
How clear the azure sky!
From behind the golden clouds
The ruler of the day smiles 'adieu.'
Insects play on his parting rays!
Into the valley the ravens descend;
A zephyr is whispering through the trees,
And plays with faded flowers."

Thus spoke Nature. Who has not heard that language before? It was like one of Ossian's strains; and Mozart, in his latter days, was, like Napoleon, fond of reading Ossian.

Mozart grew soft on looking upon fading nature. Every thing was so clear, so transparent, so mild—like his own compositions—and yet there rose in the background a huge dark cloud, which more and more overpowered the rising moon, and from which Mozart fancied to see the unknown one look threatening down. At different times tears gushed from his eyes; but what they meant we cannot say. Not one of us knows how a genius feels; for we all are only logs of wood, or blocks of stone.

Mozart grew more melancholy to-day than he had ever been before. There was no elasticity or power in his steps, and when he arrived at a clear spring, from which he drank, he was startled by the reflection of his ghastly features on the mirror-like surface of the water.

Many things he wrote into his pocket-book this afternoon; but all his ideas were autumn-like, some even wintery. He felt a secret longing for the rest of the grave, and resolved to die over his Requiem.

Oh, the world was so beautiful this evening! The mountains swam in the evening mist! The Danube wound like a silver thread through the lovely valley below! And before him lay the city of joy, his dear, beloved Vienna, gilt by the sun's last rays! A hundred lovely melodies played around his ears; but he preserved not one of them; for to-day he had no inclination for writing—he only wished to *feel*. And what he felt that evening, that he has taken with him to the silent grave:

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE *début* of Mr. Bridge Frodsham, the new tenor, whose advent has been looked forward to with considerable expectation, gave a new feature of interest to the ninth concert, last Wednesday. Mr. Frodsham judiciously selected two simple ballads for his first public essay—"I do not ask a token," (words and melody by Captain Hawthorne Reed, of the 17th Lancers), and "Madoline," by Nelson. He was encored, with great unanimity and good will on the part of the audience, in both. Mr. Frodsham has a high tenor voice of peculiar sweetness, and so flexible that, with study and practice, almost anything may be effected with it. He has already a very agreeable and unaffected style of singing, which at once placed him on good terms with his hearers. With youth and a prepossessing appearance to back him, Mr. Frodsham may look forward to a successful career, whether his future arena be the stage or the concert room. His nervousness was very evident on Wednesday night, and when he had finished his first song he literally ran out of the orchestra, as though afraid of the applause that greeted him on every side. This timidity, however, began to disappear under the genial influence of public encouragement, and Mr. Frodsham was enabled to exhibit his good natural qualifications more advantageously. The impression he produced was unanimously favourable, and the interest attached to his appearance was not a little enhanced by a strong resemblance, in the upper part of his face, to that of his popular cotemporary, Mr. Sims Reeves. Mr. Frodsham is, we believe, a pupil of Signor Felice Ronconi, a professor of acknowledged eminence, and brother to the celebrated and inimitable Giorgio Ronconi. The pupil does credit to the master.

The selection on this occasion was from the *Huguenots*, in which Miss Poole, Mrs. A. Newton, Mr. Travers, Mr. Land, and Herr Formes took part. The "orgie" chorus, the second song of the Page ("No, no, no," composed expressly by Meyerbeer for Alboni), sung by Miss Poole, with many unallowable alterations; the first romance of Raoul, by Mr. Travers, *viola obligato* Mr. Hill; and the recitative, chorus, and air, "Piff, paff," by Herr Formes, principal, were the selected pieces. The choruses were unsteady and imperfect, owing to an evident want of rehearsals. Herr Formes sang the "Piff, paff" splendidly, and restored some portions of the recitative which were omitted at the Royal Italian Opera, because Signor Marini could not execute them. But the effect of Herr Formes' vigorous singing was pretty nearly nullified, at times, by the slovenly manner in which the choral parts were rendered. It may be remarked, that Herr Formes sang his part in Italian, while the chorus appeared to be singing an *ad libitum* mixture of German, French, and English. The air was encored, nevertheless.

From the remainder of the vocal pieces we can only select a few. Miss Kell (M. Panofka's pupil, whose successful *début* we recorded in our last) sang the "Deh per questo" of Mozart, the choice of which, although it be at present beyond her powers, was honorable to her own ambition and the taste and school of her master. The Misses Cole sang a very pretty and ably written duet, called "The Pilgrim Sisters," the composition of M. Panofka. The clever sisters took the utmost pains, and sang with neatness and point, being accompanied on the piano by the author of the duet. Herr Formes was again encored in Don Giovanni's serenade, "Deh vieni alla finestra," which he sang with much taste, admirably accompanied on the mandoline, by a gentleman from the German orchestra, who was favorably mentioned in these columns, last summer, for the same performance at Drury

Lane Theatre, but whose name was not in the bills on either occasion. A delicious duet of Mendelssohn, sparkling with fancy and freshness, "The May bells,"* was exceedingly well sung by Mrs. Newton and Miss Eyles. Mr. Leffler was encored in the drowsy old melody, "The Lads of the Village," the delight of amateur table singers, who were flattered by their friends, half a century ago, into the belief that they had voices like Incedon. Miss Kell, M. Panofka's pupil, exhibited further progress, and obtained much more decided success, in Benedict's beautiful ballad, "Scenes of my youth." Mrs. A. Newton revived a song by Shield, "How fondly our hearts," remarkable for vocal difficulty and musical insipidity. The clever singer, however, executed the elaborate divisions with great skill, and was most ably accompanied in an *obligato* oboe part, much more perplexing than graceful, by Mr. Nicholson. This was of old a famous song of Mrs. Billington, but we see no reason why it should have been exhumed from its grave in the church-yard of oblivion. Miss Poole sang, with infinite naïveté, a long rambling ballad called "The Keepsake," a sequel to the "Cavalier," and quite as stupid and vulgar. The "Bay of Biscay," sung for the first time by Formes, obtained an encore; but Herr Formes must hear Braham the elder sing this antique nautical ditty before he attempts it again.

The "Cujus animam," from Rossini's *Stabat*, by Messrs. Distin and Sons, on a quartet of Sax-horns, and Bellini's "Meco tu vieni," by Mr. H. Distin, on the *Sax Tuba*, were both admirable performances, but came too late in the evening to be appreciated as they deserved. Of the miscellaneous part we have nothing more to say.

Ernst was in his glory on this, his fifth appearance. He has completely warmed to his Wednesday audience, and encouraged by their hearty demonstrations, has unfolded to them the whole treasures of his immense talent. Never, perhaps, did this wonderful player achieve a more triumphant success than on this occasion. His *Air Varié* of Mayseder, repeated by desire, was a prodigy of execution. Everything succeeded. Not a difficulty, however perplexing, was rendered doubtful by obscurity; all was as clear and satisfactory as it was brilliant and astonishing. The *cadenza* was a perfect marvel; a more extraordinary display of mechanism, a more surprising command of the instrument was never heard, even from Paganini, if, indeed, (which we beg leave to doubt) Paganini ever dreamed of such a *tour de force*. Every variation had its burst of applause, and the *cadenza* was followed by a regular hurricane of acclamations, the like of which we never heard before in a public assembly. Ernst, who was fairly tired with his exertions—for he had already been encored in another *morceau*—returned and bowed again and again; but this was not enough for the multitude—despotic as mobs are ever, despotic and inconsiderate. The hurricane continued, when Ernst had left the orchestra, with increasing vehemence, and he was once more forced to return. Combined cries of "the Carnival," and "the cadence," now rode upon the waves of the hurricane. The mob was divided. Ernst, however, obeyed the majority, and his own convenience—for really the *cadenza*, twice through in immediate succession, was impossible—and played some variations of the "Carnival." At the commencement, the band being unsteady and uncertain in the accompaniment, Ernst amused himself by playing capricious snatches of the melody, suiting whatever harmony, tonic or dominant, which

* From a set of six "Two Part Songs," published by Ewer and Co., of Newgate Street.

the band was playing, until, when all was right and comfortable, he set off in right good earnest, and executed a series of the variations, with which the tumultuous auditors were at length content, and the violinist retired amidst renewed enthusiasm.

The other performances by Ernst were his own plaintive and beautiful *Elegie* in C minor, his performance of which is a musical flood of tears; and the *Romanesca*, a quaint *air de danse* of the 16th century, the pointed, expressive, unaffected, half-playful, half-passionate, and all delightfully capricious manner of his playing, which was as touching as it was charming. This was his first encore.

The band, led by Willy, and conducted by Anschuez, performed the overtures to *Zampa* and *Fra Diavolo* with great spirit. We regretted, however, not to hear one orchestral piece in the classical style from this excellent phalanx of instrumentalists. The hall was crammed to suffocation; the heads of the audience waved about like a troubled sea.

MR. WILLY'S CONCERTS.

A SERIES of six Classical Concerts has been announced by Mr. Willy, in order to afford the public generally, as well as musical amateurs, an opportunity of enjoying the works of the most eminent composers for the chamber. Mr. Willy has not overlooked the signs of the times. The degree of favour shown by the public at large to the orchestral compositions of the great masters at M. Jullien's and the London Wednesday Concerts, by large masses of people, was a fact too suggestive to remain unnoticed or without wholesome consequences. The Classical Concerts, under the direction of Mr. Willy, will, we have no doubt, tend still further to disseminate that taste for music in which the events of the present day show so remarkable a progress. The first concert took place on Monday week. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Quartet (in D major, No. 63) two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Willy, Zerbini, Weslake, and Piatti Haydn.
Two Songs, (MSS.) { "May" } Miss Dolby Molique.
 { "The Bride" }
Aria—"Dov'è Sono," Miss Ellen Lyon Mozart.
Grand Trio (in D minor, Op. 49), Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Grand Sonata (in F major, Op. 5), Pianoforte and Violoncello, Messrs. W. Sterndale Bennett & Piatti Beethoven.
Song—"Tutta rea," (*Scipione*) Mr. W. H. Seguin Handel.
Duet—"The little watchful bird," Miss Dolby and Miss Ellen Lyon Macfarren.
Quintet (in A minor) performed by the following members of Mr. Willy's Concert Band:—First Violins, Messrs. Willy, Zerbini, and Mori; Second Violins, Messrs. Bradley, Hill, and Webb; Violas, Messrs. Weslake, Waud, and Day; Violoncellos, Messrs. W. Reed, Gardner, and Calkin; Double Basses, Messrs. Pratten, Mount, and Giles Onslow.
Accompanist, Mr. Land.

The performance of the above pieces was what might have been anticipated from such a combination of talent. The great feature, however, was the first trio of Mendelssohn, splendidly executed by Sterndale Bennett, Willy, and Piatti. The *scherzo*, one of the most fanciful of the many exquisitely fanciful creations of Mendelssohn in this particular form, was encored.

Miss Dolby sang Molique's beautiful songs in her own quiet and attractive manner, and was well accompanied by Mr. Land.

We heartily wish success to Mr. Willy's speculation, and that it may benefit himself as much as it cannot fail to benefit the public.

DRURY LANE.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

ON Wednesday night M. Jullien concluded his present series of concerts, one of the most successful, and one of the most deserving of success, which has taken place under his direction. There have been none of those extra and doubtful attractions, in the shape of ear-splitting military orchestras, to engage the attention, by superfluous noises, of the ordinary patrons of M. Jullien's entertainments; but in place of these the general programmes have been intrinsically better than in any previous season, and more plentifully mixed with selections from the works of the great orchestral writers. The recent Beethoven and Mendelssohn nights—(we wish we could add the Mozart night—and the Haydn night—and the Spohr night) were attended with overflowing audiences; the selections were bold in respect of the quantity given—M. Jullien not having quailed even before entire symphonies—and judicious in respect of their variety and contrast. We have witnessed few performances before a mixed crowd to which stricter attention has been paid, and where applause has been administered with more discretion and heartiness. While paying this deserved compliment to M. Jullien, we must also congratulate, with equal sincerity, the large audiences, whose taste he has been the means of elevating, whose capability of enjoyment he has unquestionably enlarged, and whose respectful attention, while receiving the wholesome lesson administered, must be regarded as a sign more gratifying and more convincingly indicative of the progress of the public mind in appreciating the noblest and purest manifestations of the most innocent and beautiful of the arts, than the flourishing prosperity of a thousand Philharmonics and Conservatoires, where the audiences are exclusively aristocratic and professional.

The instrumental performances, which have involved a more than usual amount of excellence and variety in what may be now called the ballet department of M. Jullien's programmes, have been pleasantly diversified by the nightly exertions of one of the most graceful and accomplished vocalists of the present day—Jetty Treffz. The extensive and various repertoire of this popular artiste, which embraces the German, French, Italian, and English schools, provided a continual succession of novelties in the vocal department, which have materially enhanced the attractions of M. Jullien's already more than ordinarily attractive entertainments. Under these circumstances, the increased vogue of the spirited chef d'orchestre's oldest speculation is nothing more than the natural consequence of his enterprise, which he never allows to be lulled to sleep in the security of unchanging prosperity.

On Saturday last Jetty Treffz took her benefit. A bumper house was the inevitable result. The farewell performance of the popular Jetty was also the most interesting. A more hearty and generous reception has not been accorded to any other favourite of M. Jullien's concerts than that awarded to Jetty Treffz on Saturday evening, when she appeared in the orchestra. This enthusiastic reception was but the herald of a series of acclamations with which the artist was hailed during her performances. Eight times did she sing in the course of the evening, all her songs being encored. At the close of her last song an unusual demonstration in the concert-room was made in favour of the singer. Wreaths and bouquets were thrown in profusion, accompanied by universal and prolonged cheering. Of these and any encomiastic displays Jetty Treffz is undeniably the worthy object. She has worked her way silently but surely with the English public, and the firm

footing she has gained by her unquestionable talents no idle breath of favour, nor wanton prejudice, nor restless novelty can alter, or imperil. Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz accompanies M. Jullien in his forthcoming provincial *tournee*.

On Wednesday evening, as we have already hinted, the present series was brought to a termination. The last performance was a happy wind-up to the season. The theatre was crammed to the ceiling; the encores were numerous. Jetty Treffz sang *nine* times! the applause uproarious, and the satisfaction universal and particular. Jullien was received, both on his entrance, and at the end of the performance, with deafening cheers, and the utmost and most vigorous demonstrations which could be shadowed forth by clapping of hands, pounding of sticks, umbrellas, and feet, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, &c. &c.

Last evening the annual *Bal Masque* was given, which proved more brilliant by far than any of its predecessors, more attractive, more novel, and more varied. Of this surpassing brilliancy, however, and of the attractions, the novelty, and variety, we must defer our account until next week, when we shall do our endeavours to render justice to all its excellences. Enough to say, in a word, that M. Jullien has gone beyond all his former efforts, and has kept true faith with the public according to his promises.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

MR. MACREADY closed his first farewell engagement at this theatre on Saturday, in *Macbeth*. He returns after Christmas, and appears in a new round of parts. His engagement must be prolonged to an indefinite extent, if, as it is reported, he will play all his favourite characters. In his twenty-seven performances at the Haymarket he has appeared in only five, having repeated one character, *Macbeth*, no less than eleven times. This looks as though there were a possibility of Mr. Macready's not retiring from the stage in June or July.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean returned on Monday, and appeared in the popular play of the *Wife's Secret*. They were received with immense favour by a crowded audience, who testified their delight at the performance by repeated and signal bursts of applause. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean have been earning laurels in the provinces, and appear to have achieved the most triumphant success in Mr. Lovell's admirable play. During their engagement at Dublin a new piece was brought out, written expressly for Mrs. Charles Kean, entitled *King René's Daughter*, in which the fair actress created a powerful sensation, by her intense passion and pathos. This drama, which is in one act, will be produced on Monday. Mr. Charles Kean has a part in it, although, as we understand, not an important one.

Hamlet was given on Wednesday, with Mr. Charles Kean, Mrs. Charles Kean (Ophelia), and Mrs. Warner (Gertrude). *Hamlet* is Mr. Charles Kean's most admirable Shaksperian performance, and the fair Ophelia finds a most charming representative in Mrs. Charles Kean.

The *Housekeeper* and the *Wonder* were given last evening.

A new drama, called the *Loving Woman*, will be brought out next Monday. It is from the pen of Mr. Mark Lemon.

PRINCESS'S.

A comic opera, in two acts, called *Mina*; the book by Messrs. Val. Morris and George Linley, the music by Signor Schira, was brought out on Saturday night.

We were present at the representation, and, of course, have

formed our opinion of the work; but we defer putting it in print, for reasons that those who run may read.

NEW STRAND.

A DRAMATIC sketch, translated from the Danish of Henrik Herz, was produced on Tuesday night, with decided success, under the title of *King René's Daughter*. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean played a version of the same piece during their recent engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, but their version was by Colonel Phipps, while this is by a writer well-known in periodical literature as "Bon Gaultier," and was published in the *Dublin University Magazine* during last year.

The drama is no more than an exhibition of a peculiar psychological position, and when this is developed, it terminates. A daughter of King René, of troubadour celebrity, has become blind, at an age so early, that she is not aware, by comparison, of her peculiar deficiency, and as she is kept in a state of seclusion by her father, who has enjoined all her attendants to abstain from revealing the secret, she believes that her condition is that of ordinary humanity. A young nobleman, who accidentally discovers her retreat, and is struck by her beauty, awakens in her mind the feeling that there is a world of sensations, of which she has never been aware. Shortly afterwards her sight is restored by a Moorish physician; and, though she is at first terrified by the new scene presented to her, she is soon delighted to recognise her father, and to hear that the youth who first gave her notion of light is her betrothed.

This little piece, simple as it is in plot, is evidently the product of much reflection. The difficulty of making a person destitute of a sense apprehend, even to a slight degree, the objects to which that sense applies, is exhibited with a great deal of acuteness, and also with much poetical feeling, and the verse of the English adaptor is smooth and melodious.

Mrs. Stirling is just the actress to seize on a definite idea, and to work it out with thoughtfulness and accuracy. The uncertainty of her movements as the blind girl, the attitudes, which were too pleasing to be called awkward, but which yet conveyed the notion of an inability in the body to obey the dictates of the mind, were highly truthful; and the air of trusting simplicity with which she replied, even to a strange voice, was the more pathetic from the complete absence of exaggeration. The attitude with which, on her restoration to sight, she greeted the sky above her, approached the statuesque, and showed a profound conception of the beauty of the situation. Mr. Leigh Murray, as the chivalric lover, looked exceedingly well, and by depicting a generous enthusiasm, gave force to a character more slightly sketched. At the conclusion of the piece, which was received with loud applause, Mrs. Stirling, Mr. Leigh Murray, and Mr. Diddear (who played King René) were called before the curtain.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Garcia, a tragedy, by Mr. F. G. Tomlins, printed for private circulation some years ago, was produced on Wednesday night.

The story, which is exceedingly simple, is laid in Spain, at the time when the Inquisition was first established in that country. The Countess de Vieyra, a noble lady, in spite of the entreaties of her son, Garcia, gives refuge to a miserable Moor, who is flying the vengeance of the holy tribunal. The man being afterwards taken by the inquisitors, and put to the torture, reveals the name of his protectress, and she is immediately arrested. Garcia, who believes that her death is cer-

tain if the same evidence which the Moor has given to the Inquisition is conveyed to the court, is moved by a designing noble to waylay the witness in a mountain pass, and to murder him. When Garcia has committed the crime, he finds that he has sinned without a purpose. His mother has been pardoned at the simple intercession of the Queen, but dies of grief when her son is dragged off by the familiars of the Inquisition, on account of his needless deed.

A great merit in this very simple play is the clearness with which the author has defined to himself his own moral purpose, and the care and completeness with which he has represented the peculiar position of his hero. The words of Garcia towards the conclusion, "I fell for want of trust in Heaven," contain the whole purport of the drama. The moral law that admits of no exception is made to predominate, and the individual, though he seems to have every excuse to violate its sanctity, and is prompted by no meaner feeling than filial devotion, is forced at last to confess that he is—

"A murderer! whom all shun; who preys on
His own kind. The worst of thieves; that breaks ope
The walls of flesh, and steals away the life.
A self-will'd piece of dust, that dares to take
The thunderbolt into its weak hand, and
Launch it where it lists."

Or, as he says in another place,—

"I am a ruin.
The immortal gem is flawed. 'Tis marred for ever.
Love may o'erlook the speck; Mercy forgive it;
But still the imperfection will be there."

To give significance to the collision which is the basis of this tragedy, Mr. Tomlins has taken great pains to make his hero a most amiable character, innocent almost to weakness. The filial affection, which becomes in him a motive to wrong, is constantly kept before the audience, and is artistically introduced at the beginning of the piece, by an allusion which his sister makes to a similarity between him and his mother. No less motive, you feel, could have tempted Garcia to crime, but still the justice of his fall is made obvious. This recognition of the doom of the individual to be crushed, when brought, on the mere pretext of feeling, into opposition to the moral idea, shows that the author has a true perception of the elements of tragedy. His language (considered apart from the metre) is generally forcible and terse, and the fault, common to novices, of over-loading their dialogue with imagery, is avoided.

In the technicalities of his art he is not yet thoroughly practised. His verse is on the mistaken principle of enumerating syllables, without attention to accentuation, but nevertheless it does not read badly in rhythmical prose. To the villain of the piece, played by Mr. Marston, to a slight comic character, acted by Mr. Hoskins, and to other parts of secondary importance, he has not given sufficient substance to render effective the scenes which depend on them alone. Hence some portions of his play appear weak, though still, if we consider the simplicity of his subject, it would have been hard to avoid this defect. The author has reserved his main power and care to the development of his chief figure; and the force and accuracy with which he has set forth the situations of temptation and remorse, show that he has much capability in the delineation of character.

The principal personages were acted by Mr. Phelps and Miss Glyn. They do not admit of much variety, but the harrowing state of horror into which the hero is repeatedly plunged in the course of the work is forcibly depicted by Mr. Phelps, and his weak though amiable character brings into

contrast the firm trusting spirit of the mother, played by Miss Glyn with much dignity, and with something of the notion of a supernatural support. The miserable Moor, ever in a state of fright, was also effectively rendered by Mr. Graham.

At the fall of the curtain the applause was loud and continuous, and Mr. Tomlins crossed the stage in compliance with repeated demands. Mr. Phelps and Miss Glyn were also called.

MARYLEBONE.

MR. WATTS, the lessee of this house, took leave of his public on Monday night; Mr. Ellis, his stage-manager, acting as spokesman on the occasion. In the farewell speech which this gentleman delivered, the supporters of the establishment were thanked, the services rendered at Marylebone to the cause of the drama were enumerated, and the removal of the company to the Olympic was officially announced. The audience, which was unusually crowded, on account of Mr. Davenport taking his benefit last night, and also on account of the leave-taking, were loud in their acclamations, and, not satisfied with the appearance of Mr. Watts by deputy, insisted on his coming forward in person.

With this farewell probably ends that style of management which for the last two years has maintained the Marylebone Theatre in a position sufficiently elevated to render it an object of general interest, in spite of its distance from the ordinary theatrical precincts.

Prior to the autumn of 1847, this house was of a class so professedly inferior, that its existence was scarcely so much as known out of its immediate locality. Not having been built very many years, it had not even a reminiscence of better days to clothe it with a sort of *prestige*. Mrs. Warner, however, who, jointly with Mr. Phelps, had succeeded in raising Sadler's Wells from degradation to the respectability which it enjoys at present, thought when she left that establishment that an experiment which had succeeded in the Islington neighbourhood might also have prosperous results in Paddington, and accordingly, in October, 1847, the theatre was opened for the legitimate drama, Mr. Watts being the lessee and manager, and Mrs. Warner the directress. As at Sadler's Wells, the greatest attention was paid to *ensemble*, pieces requiring elaborate decoration were put on the stage in most perfect style, and people who had been trained to fastidiousness in Westminster, and had never heard that there was such an edifice as the Marylebone Theatre in the world, were astonished at the elegance of the *salle*, the beauty of the scenery, and the judgment and good taste which regulated the entire performance. During Mrs. Warner's direction, Mr. Macready played for some nights at the Marylebone.

When Mrs. Warner quitted the theatre, in the beginning of 1848, it continued open under the direction of Mr. Watts, and was for some time a sort of "starring" house. Mr. and Mrs. Keely, Mr. T. P. Cooke, Mr. Buckstone, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, were among the performers of eminence engaged for short periods. By the engagement of Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport, about a year ago, the performances again assumed a permanent character. Mrs. Mowatt, unquestionably the most graceful actress who ever came to this country from America, had previously appeared with Mr. Davenport at the Princess's and the Olympic, and had made a most favourable impression on the public, which she increased by conquering certain national peculiarities of enunciation, and by gradually becoming more of the artist and less of the amateur. With her personal attractions, her piquant reading of certain parts, and a

peculiar fascination of manner, she is now, in a character that suits her, one of the most pleasing actresses on the stage. This lady, Mr. Davenport, who has most creditably distinguished himself in various departments of leading "business," and Miss Fanny Vining, an excellent actress, attached to the house from the time of its opening under Mrs. Warner, have remained the leading artists till the closing on last Friday night. During this concluding portion of Mr. Watts' management, there has been no relaxation of that spirit and energy which, in 1847, raised the house to importance, but the beauty of the decorations and the good taste with which the pieces have been produced, have remained a theme of general admiration.

The Olympic Theatre is to open on "boxing" night.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WE submit in the best of temper to your annotations on our last article. We believe you, Mr. Editor, to be a musician and a composer, and, having no pretensions to either distinction ourselves, we are content to give the impressions made upon us by any composition we hear in the simple character of an ardent lover of music, who desires to give a fair account of music at Manchester. The comparative instead of superlative had been better perhaps in speaking of "The choral episode on the awful power of fire," in Romberg's Ode—to have said that it was of a high or higher (and not the highest) order of composition. The "Wedding March" we still cling to our opinion about, as being grand as well as brilliant; it may be that the writing may be grander in the "War March of the Priests;" we judge only of the effect; certainly the "Wedding March" was the first produced, and has the charm of being the earliest and (in our opinion) brightest inspiration.* We fully agree with D. R., the orchestra could with justice return Herr Damcke's scornful glances. But enough of this: we have something more genial and delightful to communicate. Your correspondent was honoured with a special invitation to Mr. Charles Hallé's Third Classical Chamber Concert, on Thursday, the 6th inst. and a most interesting affair it was. As already intimated, these concerts are held this season in the Assembly Rooms, Mosley Street, and any room more fittingly appropriate it would certainly be difficult to find; sufficiently large to hold the numerous subscribers (who we are glad to see fill Mr. Hallé's list this season), it is just the sort of room to hear chamber music in. As the floor is used for dancing, it was carpeted, a cheerful fire at one end of the room, upwards of one hundred wax lights threw their gentle yet brilliant light (from elegant branches at the sides and ends of the room, and from two beautiful cut glass chandeliers suspended from the ceiling) on a well dressed audience of some two hundred or more of some of our first families—the leading cognoscentis in music—and a very large portion of resident German and other foreigners, notwithstanding whose hirsute visages (moustachioed, be-whiskered, and "bearded as the pard," in the modern French fashion,) the room had quite the easy comfortable air of a large private party, and filled and lighted as it was it looked extremely well. We were quite in a humour to be pleased when Mr. Charles Hallé, Mr. Seymour, and Signor Piatti, made their appearance on the slightly elevated platform to give us Beethoven's trio in B flat. But we forget the programme, here it is,—

PART I.—Trio, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, (in B flat, Op. 97) Beethoven.—Song, Miss Andrews (pupil of Sir George Smart), "The Maid of Judah," Kücken.—Grand Sonate, Pianoforte and Violoncello (in A, Op. 69), Beethoven.

PART II.—Duo, Pianoforte and Violoncello (in D, Op. 58), Mendelssohn.—Song, Miss Andrews, "L'Addio," Mozart.—Fantaisie, Pianoforte, sur "Le Désert," de F. David, Stephen Heller.

We longed for the ready flowing pen of D. R., and the scientific knowledge of J. W. D., to enable us to make even a faint attempt at doing justice to the trio of Beethoven, and to its able exponents on this occasion; any thing more perfect we never listened to, but when we essay to give ever so slight a sketch of the two lovely subjects in the allegro (which are bandied about—and repeated—

and worked out in such a way as no other master ever could or did work out a subject like Beethoven—yet in the most delightful manner), of the wayward playful *scherzo*—the hymnal solemnity of the *andante*—or the brilliancy and grandeur of the *finale*—it does seem vain indeed. Who is there can so handle a quaint grotesque subject as Beethoven has done in his *scherzos*, teasing it as it were in the most delightfully provoking manner, making order of the most admired disorder, harmony of the most fantastic vagaries? Anon you hear the strange melody grumbling in the lowest depths of the violoncello, next it is given out in the highest treble of the violin, then in brilliant *roulades* on the piano-forte, yet all forming one admirable whole. Beethoven's chamber works are so full of melody, originality, and beauty, and are so suggestive of high thoughts and aspirations, that the mind gets carried away with wonder and delight; and we are apt to forget, in listening to such strains, the master hands who are performing them, in amazement at the wonderful mind and lofty genius of the man who could conceive and perfect such compositions. We need say no more on this occasion than that it must be rare indeed that Beethoven's trio can be done greater justice to; the talented artists seemed each and all thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the composition, and gave to its execution a charm we despair of describing. In the sonata, and Mendelssohn's beautiful duet, we heard more of Piatti, and were very much delighted with his finished execution, and easy gentlemanly style of playing; his tone has not that full roundness we have been accustomed to hear from Lindley,* it more approaches the viola at times, as if he played (as we have little doubt he does) with thinner strings, but when there was occasion he could display plenty of power too—at times he can give a clarion tone almost as full as König's cornet, although on such a different instrument; at others he can give the effect on his bass string as though we were listening to the pedal notes of an organ—he is a master hand on the violoncello, and Mr. Charles Hallé could not have had a worthier helpmate in Beethoven's sonata. We cannot notice each separate movement, it is a work of beauty throughout, and was evidently a labour of love to these two gifted men; the *adagio* was surpassingly beautiful, and we could but remark that in the three great works performed on this evening—the *andante* in the first, the *adagio* in the sonata, and the *adagio* in Mendelssohn's duet, were all of a sublime, nay, almost religious character. Sung as they were on these respective instruments, and, if where all was so superlatively good we must give a preference, it would be in each case to these very movements. The applause was loud and frequent—the stillness during the performance most marked—and Mr. Hallé may congratulate himself on having an audience that could appreciate the fine taste he had shown in his selection, as well as the rare talent exhibited in the performance by himself and brother artists.

But we must speak of the young lady—the only vocalist of the evening. In doing so, we must say that the vocalities at these concerts are really made so subordinate—being chiefly given as a relief or a break to the instrumental pieces—that it requires a really great singer to make any impression upon the rapt and entranced minds of the audience. To say merely that Miss Andrews acquitted herself well on this occasion would be scarcely doing her justice; she sings like an artist, although so young, and when her voice is more fully developed will, we doubt not, take rank as a concert-singer. The songs chosen for her on this occasion were both of somewhat too sombre a cast, and we should have liked in the first a *little* more warmth and more distinctness in her words and articulation. Mr. Hallé himself wound up the concert with Stephen Heller's showy, brilliant, and ingenious fantasia on David's *Le Désert*, which was a marvellous display—a *la Thalberg*—of thundering out an air in the middle of the instruments, whilst pouring forth floods of *arpeggios* like a torrent, with both hands over the whole of it—and what liquid round pearly tones does he elicit! what delicacy, brilliancy, firmness, and power combined! For genuine pianoforte playing, that will rather delight than astonish an audience, commend us to Mr. Charles Hallé! and as an exponent of Beethoven, we do not believe there is a player in Europe to surpass him. Mr. Seymour must not think we neglect

* We merely suggest that there is not the least resemblance between the two marches, and consequently no ground for comparison.—Ed. "M. W."

* Signor Piatti's tone is not so full, but quite as pure, and even more beautiful than Lindley's. He is beyond rivalry the greatest violoncellist now living.—Ed. "M. W."

him in speaking directly of him last, we have alluded to him already indirectly, in eulogising the excellent style in which the trio was given. It was the only thing he had to do, and we are sure he will think it high praise when we say that his performance was worthy his coadjutors, and worthy the exalted theme they were all three discoursing so eloquently. The next concert, we see, is fixed for the 20th of December.

We are sorry to say there is no talk of any revival of the Hargreaves Choral Society. It has been suggested to make a temporary one in the large ball room at the Assembly Rooms; but it is not large enough to hold an audience that would enable the committee to keep up an efficient band and chorus (which, after all, is the main expense of a choral society,) and, at the same time, to get the best London talent for principal vocalists. Our opinion is, that no good will ever be done until a Hall is built for the especial purpose of the Society. It has been a suggestion that the Hall of Science might be purchased very cheap; but the Hall of Science is not in a desirable situation by any means, being too far removed from the centre of the city; besides, if the Free Trade Hall is objectionable, would not the Hall of Science (with its reminiscences of Socialist orgies,) be still more so? First and foremost, as Mrs. Glasse says, "catch your hare"—in other words, get together the means, and better—more central—sites may be found to build a Hall more suitable, yet at a very moderate cost. Why not purchase the land and buildings on the side of Corporation Street—convert the front into shops or offices, and put the Hall in the rear—where now are old crazy warehouses, empty or to be let or sold, we should think, in comparison, for an *old song*—the very thing for a Musical Society to buy?

Thus far had we written, Mr. Editor, before your imperial mandate to provincial correspondents, with its significant *nota bene*, met our eye; luckily, chamber concert programmes are only six lines, and Mr. Charles Hallé's is so classical as to deserve insertion. Were all your correspondents like your Manchester one their communications would very soon be shorn of their prolixity or redundancy. In another month or two we would rather see the space devoted to the admirable articles from your own pen, and that of your excellent collaborator, D. R., in giving the doings of the Italian operas at "both their houses," than see our own lucubrations in print. We are grateful for, and cordially reciprocate the good opinion of your valued correspondent, Teutonius," and fully agree with him as to the rebuke—which, by the way, reminds us of the elder Mathews, who, some years ago, in one of his inimitable "At Homes," soon after Omnibuses came into use, contended, in his humorous way, that they ought in the plural to be *Omnibi*.

Jullien, with his usual consummate tact, is taking advantage of the Christmas holidays, when all the young masters and misses are at home, to make his provincial tour; he has announced his Manchester appearances, with Madlle. Jetty Treffz, for December 26th, 29th, and January 1st.

The Concert on Monday, at the Concert Hall, passed off but flatly, we hear: De Kotski's violin being the most singular feature. Madlle. Schloss sang well, and Madame Duleken never plays ill; still there was no "entusymusy," as Lord Byron said that Brahan said long ago.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. RYALLS, who holds the position of *primo tenore* in Liverpool, gave his annual concert, at the Concert Hall, on Tuesday evening. The prices were moderate, and the hall was crammed; in fact I have rarely seen it fuller. The performers were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Anne Romer, and Mr. Ryalls (vocalists), Herr Whele (pianoforte), and Herr Kohler (cornopean and flageolet). The concert was remarkable for the number of encores, every piece in the programme, with one exception, being re-demanded. Miss Anne Romer met with a warm reception, every thing she sung was encored; after "Love rules the palace" the audience applauded so loudly that she was forced to re-appear; upon which she substituted "Wapping Old Stairs," which she sang without accompaniment. The audience insisted upon encoring this

also. Her success was complete. Mrs. Sunderland's soprano was advantageously heard in the ballad, "Little Nell," and other popular vocal *morceaux*. Mr. Ryalls was received with great applause, and encored in everything. His best performance was in Balfé's "In this old chair."

Herr Whele's performance was a piece of Droyschock's; he also played variations on "God save the Queen" and "In this old chair." Herr Kohler's nervousness hindered him from displaying his talents as a cornopeanist to advantage. The concert altogether was very agreeable, the only drawback being the eternal encores.

Madame Sontag and party, including Calzolari, F. Lablache, Piatti, Miss Whitnall, and Mr. Percival, will appear at a concert, at the Theatre Royal, on Monday next. The prices have been lowered, and there is little doubt that the speculation will be successful. Sontag is to sing "Home, sweet home," and several of her most popular pieces.

Signora Montenegro and party have been playing again this week, for the last time. *Lucrèzia Borgia* was given on Monday. All the performers sang effectively; Montelli (who has lately become Madame Santiago) winning her usual encore in the "Brindisi," and the same fate attending the trio, "Guai te spreggo." Signor Montelli played the Duke.

Last night *Sonnambula* was performed, in which I think the company appear to less advantage than in anything else they play. Montenegro is not fitted for the character of Amina. She sang the music with brilliancy, but without feeling. I should strongly advise the *troupe* to adhere to operas of a more decidedly comic or serious description. Santiago was encored in "Ah! perche;" and the chorus, who sang exceedingly well throughout, were honoured with a similar compliment in the 2nd act. Montelli was the Count, and his sister Liza. On Friday they make their last appearance in *Norma*, being engaged at Glasgow on Monday.

I cannot omit mentioning that this Italian company has given great satisfaction on both occasions of their visiting Liverpool. All the operas they have produced have been well done, and, though no, one singer in particular can be called first-rate, the *ensemble* has been well worthy of praise. At the Liver Theatre, Anne Romer has been increasing her reputation in *Clari*, *The Beggars' Opera*, *Fra Diavolo*, &c. When she appears at a Metropolitan theatre you will find that the musical public have not praised this young singer without reason.

I append you a notice of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, which has been furnished me by a well-known pen.

This society gave a choral performance illustrative of ecclesiastical music, on the evening of Monday last, in their spacious Hall, to a numerous audience.

This society has hitherto proved itself a good caterer for the musical public, but on the present occasion their efforts were not so successful as customary; the lay vicars from the Cathedral at Chester were engaged to sustain the voice part of the anthems, and we confess our opinion, that the society could have chosen much better talent from their own body. We do not wish to detract from the merits of the gentlemen as lay vicars; they may be well enough in their places, but certainly have no pretensions to figure as concert singers. While Liverpool possesses ecclesiastical musicians of local eminence, we do not think there was any reason to have gone from home, as we know of no choral body better qualified for the illustration of Church music than the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. With the exception of the Chester choir (Miss Stott from severe indisposition, being unable to appear) the principals were Misses Parsons, E. Stott, and Linacre, together with Mr. Armstrong.

In consequence of the death of the Queen Dowager, the performance opened with the Dead March in *Saul*, played upon the organ.

The first anthem was Croft's "God is gone up with a merry noise," which was executed creditably. This was followed by Neukomm's "Offertorium," which was rendered in clever style by Mr. Armstrong, whose fine *basso* told well in the noble hall.

Farrant's prayer was next on the list; one of those *morceaux* in which the chorus of this society excel. This composition was sung with precision and feeling, and obtained an unanimous encore.

Boyce's anthem, "By the waters of Babylon," came next. We were much disappointed with the execution of this work.

Spohr's beautiful arrangement of "As pants the hart" followed, the solo being given to Miss E. Stott, in the absence of her sister. This psalm was also encored. In the choral accompaniment we were pleased to notice the *pianos* and *fortes* well marked. It was hardly warranted in Miss Parsons to act as *prompter* to her fair associate, especially when the latter did not require her hints. The effect was to cause a slight hesitation in the time, which would not otherwise have occurred.

Miss Parsons might profit by a closer attention to the conductor's baton. This hint is thrown out in friendly feeling; but we have noticed in her a habit of *dragging*, which she would do well to conquer, if possible.

S. Wesley's motet, for a double choir, "In Exitu," closed the first part, and had it been taken in its proper time, would have told well, but it was too hurried and not sufficiently distinct. The second part opened with Purcell's anthem, "O give thanks," in which the *alto* solo was, for some inexplicable reason, omitted, although there were two professional *altos* present as principals. With this exception, the anthem was well given. Miss Parsons sang "To thee, O God;" and the unaccompanied trio from *Elijah*, "Lift thine eyes," nicely sung by Misses E. Stott, Linacre, and Parsons, was, as usual, encored. Mendelssohn's music seemed to be the most in favour during the evening, which was hardly to be wondered at in the midst of so many old matters. Hayes's anthem, "Lord, thou has been our refuge," and Boyce's "O, where shall wisdom be found," followed in succession. We were disappointed with the *solis* in the latter anthem, which, with the exception of Mr. Armstrong's, were too dry and mechanical.

The concert ended with Spohr's "How excellent," which few of the audience had the good grace to remain and hear.

The chorus of the society must have had good drilling at rehearsals. They did their duty effectively. For the solo voice parts, we regret we cannot say as much; they could never start together, and, consequently, there was scarcely a verse sung with decision.

Mr. W. Sudlow, who is the secretary of the society, did not preside at the organ (his usual duty) on this occasion; officiating as conductor. His place was filled by Mr. Best, a young musician of talent, though rather too fond of sacrificing the composer's ideas to his own facility.

Julien and his "goodly company," including Jetty de Treffz, are engaged by the society for two concerts at Christmas.

J. H. N.

MUSIC AT READING.

(From a Correspondent.)

ONE of the best concerts I remember having attended here for a long time, was given in the Town Hall on Wednesday evening, by Mr. A. H. Tull. This gentleman is, or has been, a Professor of the Royal Academy, and is a flautist. The entertainment of Wednesday was the third of a series of vocal and instrumental concerts. On the present occasion the vocalists were the Misses A. and M. Williams: the instrumentalists, Kate Loder (piano), Blagrove and Patey (violins), R. Blagrove (tenor), Lucas (violinello), and A. H. Tull (flute). I should have sent you a printed programme but for your prohibition in your last number.

The concerts opened with Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat (Op. 12) for two violins, viola, and violinello, executed in first rate style by Blagrove, Patey, R. Blagrove, and Lucas. This quartet, an early work of the composer, is nevertheless the decided offspring of genius, and sparkles with his delightful peculiarities. It was listened to with great interest. The quaint *canzonetta* (allegretto in G minor) was rapturously encored.

The duet from the *Prophète*, "Della Mosa," for Bertha and Fides, was charmingly sung by the Misses Williams, although it naturally loses something by removal from the stage. Miss A. Williams was deservedly encored in Spohr's lovely song, "The Bird and the Maiden." Mr. R. Blagrove played the clarinet *obligato* on the concertina very cleverly. Miss M. Williams also received an equally well-merited encore in Mozart's fine air "Io ti lascio;" and the talented sister divided a similar compliment in

Macfarren's "Two Merry Gipsies," one of the prettiest and most popular of chamber duets.

Mr. Patey played a violin solo—a "Romance Sans Paroles" of Viextemps—with great taste and energy, and was much applauded.

Mr. Tull performed a fantasia on the flute. His tone is clear and true, and his execution neat. He introduced Drouet's "God save the Queen," with variations—an old, but not an ineffective composition for the flute.

Kate Loder, whose appearance was hailed with great applause, played Beethoven's *Sonate Pathétique*, and, with Mr. Tull, a "Grand Potpourri," by Boucher and Benedict, for flute and piano. The accomplished pianist performed with more than her usual energy and feeling in the two first movements of the sonata; and exhibited all her accustomed brilliancy and finish in the *Rondo Allegro*. Miss Loder produced an evident sensation among the good folks of Reading, and more than confirmed her London reputation.

Beethoven's Trio, No. 1. (Op. 9), for violin, tenor, and violinello, went excellently in the hands of the Messrs. Blagrove, R. Blagrove, and Lucas.

The concert, which was under the patronage of the High Sheriff of Berks, and numerous gentlemen of rank and influence, attracted a large and fashionable audience.

MUSIC AT BELFAST.

(From our own Correspondent.)

In sending to you an extract from "The Northern Whig," relating an occurrence that took place on the Belfast stage, you must permit me to say briefly, that I should gladly not have done so, considering it one of the things better concealed than brought to light; but, fearing that a garbled statement might find its way to London, I prefer at once to give the whole proceeding, and leave its decision to the judgment of your readers. I must needs remark, by the way, that this affair would certainly not have taken this unpleasant turn if all the parties engaged had not acted on the heat of the moment; the remark by the kind-hearted editor of the *Northern Whig*, on Mr. Whitworth's appeal to the public, would not have been treated so contemptuously; Mr. Whitworth would not have appealed to the public, which, however, he did in the most gentlemanlike way (and, by the way, be it said, that we know no member of the profession whose private character deserves more esteem than Mr. Whitworth's); and Mr. Cunningham would not have given up the management of a theatre which, by his spirited enterprise, he had raised to a degree that gained him the thanks of all that section of the inhabitants of Belfast who go to the theatres; as religious motives on one side, and whiskey-punch meetings on the other, leave but a small public to encourage Thalia and Melpomene.—Yours, &c.,
X. P.

THE AFFAIR IN THE THEATRE, ON FRIDAY EVENING.—Scarcely anything could be more foolish or in worse taste than the conduct of the operatic gentlemen, on Friday evening, in coming whining and complaining before the audience, because of some pecuniary differences between them and the manager. What had the audience to do with the matter? Had it failed in its part of the understood contract? No; but because the gentlemen were dissatisfied with the manager, they must, forsooth, give the audience only *part* of what it had made bargain for, and paid for! If all hired persons, like these singers, were to feel at liberty to act in this way, we should have a pretty time of it. The manager has thought it necessary to defend himself in the following letter, which we publish with only one feeling of regret. From all we can learn, we think that his sensitiveness has led him to mistake the spirit of the great majority of those present. They ought, no doubt, to have promptly ordered the operatic intruder off, and told him to settle his private affairs privately; but, in such a case, people cannot at once make up their minds, and concur in what they should do. We have heard only one opinion expressed on the subject, and that confirms our own, which is, that Mr. Cunningham has misconstrued the real feeling of the house. The following is the letter:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE NORTHERN WHIG.

"SIR,—From the kind and just remarks made in the *Northern Whig*, of Saturday last, respecting the disagreeable occurrence which took place

in the theatre on Friday evening, I am led to hope that you will permit the following explanation and remonstrance to appear in your Journal.

"The difference between Mr. Whitworth and myself having been arranged, by Mr. W. volunteering before two gentlemen, chosen as arbitrators, to do, on Saturday morning, what I had urged him to on Friday evening, before his appeal to the public, and the gentlemen in whose hands I placed myself having advised me to close with his offer amicably, rather than part 'unfriendly,' I feel, as regards Mr. Whitworth, that my hands are tied, as I cannot enter so fully into the dispute between us, particularly in his absence, as I could have wished. But, the accusation having been public, my duty to myself and friends compels me to make my vindication public also. If I depart from the facts of the case in the slightest degree, the two gentlemen chosen to decide between us, and before whom the letters relative to the engagement were laid, will not hesitate, I am sure, to contradict me. In reply to Mr. Whitworth's offer of the services of the operatic company for Belfast, I wrote that I should be happy to receive them on the 12th of November (the time we then stated); but that as there had been disappointments lately in engagements where Mr. Sims Reeves was concerned, I could not take the risk of advertising and preparing for the opera, unless he (Mr. Whitworth) would agree to pay a moiety of my expenses, should any disappointment occur in this case, arising from illness or other causes. To this Mr. Whitworth assented, in these words:—'I think we now understand one another, as terms, viz., to divide the receipts on the basis proposed by you.' The time of the engagement was then altered, at his wish, and named for the 5th of November, instead of the 12th. The public of Belfast can avouch, that this arrangement was announced; and I exerted myself to prepare for their reception; but, being in want of a few auxiliaries, I left Belfast for Dublin, on Thursday, 1st November, and was astonished to see, on my arrival there, on Friday morning, bills out announcing the appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves, and party, at the Theatre Royal Dublin, on Monday, the 5th, the very time they were engaged to me! This was the first intimation I received of the disappointment in store for me. Mr. Whitworth's letter, dated Thursday, having crossed me on the road; and naturally surprised, I sought an explanation, when it appeared, that owing to illness in Liverpool, Mr. S. Reeves had not studied the part of *Ernani*, and when it was announced in Dublin, could not appear in it; consequently, the theatre had to be closed on that night. But, Mr. Calcraft insisting, I presume, upon the full number of nights for which the operatic company had engaged, and as there are only a certain number in a week, the additional night had to be borrowed, without leave asked from me, and Belfast was to be sacrificed for Dublin. I had no resource but to break off the engagement, and seek my remedy at law, or consent to the postponement. The latter course I adopted, consoling myself with the reflection that it was lucky I had inserted the clause respecting the moiety of my expenses being paid, in case of disappointment. I will not take up your time with an enumeration of the difficulties and annoyances I had to encounter throughout the whole of this unfortunate engagement, but come to the concluding scene. That there might be no dispute as to money matters between us, I never interfered between the box-keeper and Mr. Whitworth, with whom, every night, after the performance was finished, he divided the house. The last night I intended to settle myself, that we might arrange respecting what I was to deduct from it as Mr. Whitworth's moiety of the expense occasioned by the disappointment, and directed the box-keeper to tell him that I would see him at eleven o'clock the following morning, for that purpose. To this he objected, and insisted upon having it settled that very instant. When I saw him, and offered to go through the accounts with him, he repudiated the idea of any remuneration to me, refusing, also, my offer to leave the matter in dispute to any gentleman he himself might name; he would have the whole amount that instant, or he would appeal to the audience (a very competent tribunal to decide upon a litigated account, at twelve o'clock at night). I would not be coerced by such a threat, and then came the scene—not incidental to the opera—one that I was not prepared for, especially as I had been confined to my bed for two preceding days, and was so hoarse that I could hardly speak so as to be heard. Mr. Whitworth, I believe, acted on the supposition that the original agreement was vitiated when the time was altered with my consent, forgetting that the disappointment had then taken place. It was injudicious on his part, to say the least of it, to address the audience; and I am sure, on reflection, he thought so, for the next morning he made me the offer, which I accepted, rather than carry the dispute farther. But what, sir, shall be said of an audience, who, when their manager—known to them for a number of years, who had never been accused before of breaking faith with public or actor—under whose management the Belfast Theatre was esteemed and visited by every *artiste* of eminence, without farther guarantee than his word—what, I repeat, shall be said of an audience who, when this manager appeared before them to repel an unfounded

accusation, almost refused to hear him, and downed his explanation with their uproar? For the favour of the gallery, I care no more than I did for their threats, when they honoured me by placarding their animosity, because I refused the use of the theatre for a seditious meeting; but, I confess, the apathy of the better portion of the house touches me more nearly—'Service is no inheritance.' Nevertheless, I was entitled to be heard, supposing that I had forfeited the good name I had acquired during the eight years the theatre was under my control, and for my former services. My friends—for surely I had some in the house—should have insisted upon this right. If a manager is to be 'frightened from his propriety,' by a threat of an appeal to the public, whenever an individual in his establishment supposes that he is wronged, farewell to all discipline. For their own sakes, the audience should condemn and put an end to such proceedings. I am not, sir, now writing for myself; as, towards me, the Belfast audience shall never have another opportunity of conducting themselves as they did last Friday. That night's proceedings close my career in Belfast, as a manager.

"I have made an engagement with the eminent tragedian, Mr. Macready, to receive him in February, that he may take his farewell of Belfast; but, as I have the honour to call that gentleman my friend, I am sure he will not hesitate to release me from my agreement, when he is made acquainted with the cause that compels me to request it.

"Regretting that I have been dragged before the public, and apologising for the length of this letter, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"Hollywood, Nov. 26th."

"THOMAS CUNNINGHAM."

REVIEW.

"Polka Glissante."—WESSELL AND CO.

THIS is one of the most attractive trifles we have seen for some time, being at once most admirably suited for dancing and very effective for the pianist. Its peculiarity lies in a sliding passage for one finger that is effectively mixed up in the rhythm; this *pianoforte trick*, which Henry Herz made general, and has not been disdained by more classical composers, Weber and Hummel having introduced it with propriety, and therefore with good effect, in some of their most important works, is here employed to a different purpose, but no less effectively than we can elsewhere remember. The *Polka Glissante* has a clearly marked and especially catching melody, and if there be any thing new under the sun at this season, when the sun so rarely shows, may be said to possess unusual novelty. We vaticinate much popularity to it throughout the approaching harvest of hilarity.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Mademoiselle Vera's *début* is the only incident at the *Théâtre Italien*, worthy your notice. You have heard the *débutante* at Her Majesty's Theatre, so I need not enter into particulars to describe the quality of her voice, and her capability as an artiste. It is enough to say her voice is very pleasing, true, and flexible; her style and method artistic; while her appearance is most favorable as an actress, she possesses energy and a certain amount of dramatic force. Mademoiselle Vera made a decided hit with the Parisian public in the *Elisir d'Amore*, and, if you are to accredit the journals, created a *furor*. A certain degree of timidity was generally remarked in the performance of the fair artiste, but this seems to me to attach a new grace to her. While the friends of Madlle. Vera must be perfectly satisfied with the impression she has created in her first appearance, they must not be led away by certain journalists who hint at her undertaking the part of *Semiramide*, the result of which would be nothing short of the utter annihilation of all she had previously earned. But, although I have perused such a notion in one or two papers, I do not think Ronconi so inconsiderate as to hazard such a performance before a Parisian audience. It is much more probable, if *Semiramide* is brought out at all, that Madame Ronconi will undertake the Babylonian

Queen. Before quitting the *Elisir d'Amore*, I must inform you that I look upon Ronconi's *Dulcamara* as one of the greatest pieces of comic acting I ever saw. *La Presse* says that Luchessi, the new tenor, who has arrived at Paris, is the only singer in Italy who can worthily interpret Rossini's music. By the way, when it is well ascertained that Rossini's operas are, and have been for some years, *raree aves* at the Italian theatre, how can the *Presse* establish that fact? Luchessi, however, may be the best singer of Rossini's music in Italy, but while Mario is living he must be a phenomenon indeed if he be the best out of Italy. This fame-heralded tenor is to *début* in *Matilda di Shabran*, one of Rossini's earliest and smallest operas, but which contains the germs of some of his greatest after accomplishments. This opera has not been performed since 1831. No doubt it will bring a few good houses. There is no work of Rossini entirely devoid of interest, and so much cannot be averred of all modern works. Two new vocalists are to appear in *Nabucco*—the tenor Ferrari and Madame ———. Of the lady great things are expected, and report is busy with her numerous excellencies. Of Signor Ferrari I know nothing. Brendel's *Musical Zeitung* mentions, that the fair and talented vocalist, Madame Rosalie Schodel, who some years ago created so great a sensation by her performances in the German company at Drury Lane—believed throughout Germany, to have been executed at Debreczin for a high political offence—has been lately singing at Pesth. Without being a metaphysician one may, therefore, conclude that Madame Schodel was *not* executed at the before-named locality.*

P. P.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I am delighted to find that "Teutoni" has not heard of me in Germany, because it shows the class of musicians he belongs to in his Father-land; and that title I gave him, "*Imocent*," is not altogether a severe or unjust one. I trust, Mr. Editor, you will think that a sufficient answer to such fish as crabs and lobsters; and I remain a greater admirer of *Charles II.* than your crawling correspondents.

FRENCH FLOWERS.

3, Keppel Street, Russell Square.

ASPULL IN RE FLOWERS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Oh, the World!—*Musical World* I mean—I write with mingled emotions, but of the *species* I will not attempt to describe. It was said—nay, bruited forth—that the *Musical World* had lost one of its brightest luminaries, that it was lost to imperishable fame, and that darkness reigned where light in its utmost refulgence did shine before; But never did true and worthy merit, however modest, sit long under a bushel, and lo! comes forth in radiance supreme, that "fearless," "conscientious," and reckless correspondent, who rejoices in the name of French Flowers. Thrice has he appeared in the pages of the *Musical World* in almost as many weeks, with a "felicity" quite his own, no doubt, but with a "despair" to your readers, none but he, however desperate, can inflict. Thrice has he appeared, and with what success I take the liberty of recording. His first *coup* was evinced in a singular *mal à droit* remark on Mr. Macfarren's excellent criticism on Beethoven, which that true son of genius condescended not to notice. At the foot of his letter was a remark equally *mal à propos*, which, while eulogising a most deserving and highly talented young artiste, inflicted a chastisement upon her compere, as uncalled-for as it was undeserved. However galling the remark might be to those around to the fair artiste herself it must have given a deep and bitter pang.

* Is not this old news?—Eg. "M. W."

In his second contribution, after his very modest, and gratuitous mode of proclaiming his reverend ancestors, he adroitly eulogizes his new and original mode of "chanting," and in terms that his acquaintance with the Moses-ian and Hyam-esian muse is profound; and, lastly, in his third apparition, comes forth the gigantic, portentous, and overwhelming announcement that he, the said "French Flowers," is pleased, nay, absolutely *admires* the new opera by Macfarren! But listen, ye writers of the musical press; listen ye, whose elaborations in the *Times*, the *Daily News*, the *Post*, the *Chronicle*, the *Herald*, the *Athenæum*, *Spectator*, and *Examiner*, and even the *Musical World* itself, evince as much sound, just, and true criticism on art-musical as doth any press in the world's widest range—Listen, I say, nor let each particular hair stand on end, for it has been reserved for "French Flowers" to be the only exponent of truth! He writes you down, as "liars of the first magnitude!" In short, he conceives it an absolute necessity, that "though the press is unanimous in its praise of the opera," it requires the stamp, authority, and value of his opinion, to make it current in Germany. He gravely tells us that the Germans do not credit *all* they read in our newspapers in matters of art, and as *he* is known in that country, *he* takes the liberty on this account, as *he* says, "to give my public opinion of this opera, being known in that country, and my word being credited (credit, Judæus): for they know that I am fearless and conscientious, and affix my name to all I write!"

This is really absurd, and is perhaps better calculated to move the risible organs than those of any other faculty. Martial says:—

"He that moves another man to laughter,
Must first begin, and t'other soon comes after."

In this view, I will not question the propriety of admitting such trash into the pages of the *Musical World*. But even this may be carried too far; I felt it painfully so, on reading letter No. 3. Dr. Johnson describes laughter as "convulsive merriment." I can tell you, Mr. Editor, that there is no merriment in getting into convulsions. Some people say extraordinary things when so seized. Even so alarming, as would surely act as a preventative to its indulgence; for instance, they go so far as to say they were convulsed with laughter—ready to burst—splitting their sides—and lastly, in due order, dying with laughter! I will not say these ejaculations were wise, but did not Chissippus die laughing, when an ass was invited, and did actually sup with him? Did not a great man burst with laughter, when a monkey came to his bed-side and put on his tiara? And yet what are these to the contributions of French Flowers? Laughter is weakening. Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, gives an amusing anecdote. But *revenons à nos moutons*; had Mr. Flowers' letters possessed no other attribute—no other provocative than that of laughter, his letters had like himself been harmless. His observation, however deserved, as said before, on Miss Louisa Pyne (and no one will join more heartily in praise of that young and exquisite singer than myself) contained in addition, a remark that provoked anything but a happy feeling. There is a singer whose style, phrasings, and method, proclaim him among the best vocalists this country ever possessed. I need not say, that were Mr. Allen's voice commensurate in power and fullness of tone, with that of his facility—as well as of his true taste, just conception, and pure delivery—he would be second to none in opera, whether from a Beethoven, Mozart, Rossini, Meyerbeer, or any other author, living or dead. Macfarren's opera has all the stamp and imprint of genius, and of a high and noble order. It is fraught with the intensity of genius; glowing with original thoughts, invested in the most magnificent and gorgeous apparel of beautiful imaginings, stamped with the manifestations of talent in every bar—vigorous in style, and almost omnipotent in varied beauty. We are introduced into a new and delightful region; pursue then, Macfarren, a course which nature and art alike enjoin. Thy *ignorance* is of far more value than is the learning of the staunch upholders of Voglerian theory, yelet classical! Music will be to thee the fulcrum that Archimedes idly wished for, wherewith to move the world. Throw thyself on thy own resources—they are exhaustless. Borrow not from ancients or classical. Thou hast imagination productive enough to create for itself; dig into thy mind for facts, and into thy heart for feelings. Run through every vicissitude of thought—the joyous, the sad, the mournful, and the grotesque, and my life upon it, the results

will be the same. There have been some men whose will is the father of the power. Few in number are they, rarely do they come. Be thine so.

A word to Mr. Flowers. I did not think I ever should have another word with, or much less from him, but I have been for many years a subscriber to the *Musical World*, even from its birth; and it is not an unseemly act for those who take as much interest in its welfare as I do, to protect its pages in instances where an Editor feels that his doing so might appear invidious.

I have the honour to be, your very humble servant,

WILLIAM ASPULL.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 774.)

Bayes. This is my book of Drama Common-places, the mother of many other plays.

John. Drama Common-places! Pray, what's that?

Bayes. Why, sir, some certain helps that we men of art have found it convenient to make use of.

John. What are those rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*, changing verse into prose and prose into verse alternative, as you please.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by rule, sir?

Bayes. Why thus, sir,—nothing so easy when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere—for that's all one; if there be any wit in't—as there is no book but has some—I transverse it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse (but that takes up some time), and if it be verse, put it into prose.

John. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore by force what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, sir; the world's unmindful; they never take notice of these things.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, sir, that's my third rule; that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder?

Bayes. Why, sir, when I have anything to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn over this book, and there I have at one view all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject; and so in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

The Rehearsal.

WHEN the inspired prophet, holy Job, exclaimed, "Oh! that mine enemy had written a book," he must have alluded to that order of books which modern writers call pieces of plagiarism; for, in the detection of his enemy's robberies, he would doubtless have repaid himself for whatever injuries he had suffered at his hands. I know no other interpretation which this part of Scripture can receive; and I hold it to be important, as establishing beyond all controversy, the great antiquity of literary felony. For let us reason thus—Job wished his enemy to write a book, which should be either good or bad. Now, if the book were good, it is unlikely that the prophet would have selected his enemy, above all other men, to be the author—the sublime precept of Christianity, to render good for evil, not having been yet promulged; and if the book were bad, it must have been compounded of plagiarisms; for if original, it could not be considered bad. It is clear, therefore, that the inspired writer wished his enemy to compose a book of plagiarism, in order that he might have the gratification of exposing and degrading him before mankind. From hence it follows, that plagiarism was known, practised, and cherished, among the Hebrews, who, I am inclined to think, received it as a traditional custom from Eve herself, as mentioned a little while ago; and by that ancient people is the art of appropriation practised, even unto this very day. This, I believe to be the earliest intimation of its existence to be found in the books. From the land of Judah it was carried into Egypt, where it suddenly grew fashionable, and to this, indeed, we may attribute the origin of Egyptian erudition: for as it must be confessed, that to be a plagiarist, a man must know how to read and write, so a devotion to the fashion induced in them a desire to learn the alphabet, and thus they proceeded by degrees to make great discoveries in art and science. And it was a delicate allusion to the custom then prevalent, of making new books in the same manner that apothecaries (as old

Burton informs us*) make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another, and then adding some new-fangled title to the fluid, that the Alexandrian library bore over its entrance, the inscription,—

ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ.—*The Physic of the Soul.*

FROM Egypt it was transmitted easily to Greece, and from thence it passed over the world, until at length it finally settled in our happy island of Great Britain, the air of which seems to be particularly favourable to its growth and culture; so much so, indeed, that plagiarism has never, by any people, been so extensively practised as by our noble English writers.

It was a favourite aphorism of Sir Isaac Newton's grandmother, that "Nothing is new under the sun;" and few more manifest truths are to be found in the writings of either Aristotle or Bacon. Whether the good old lady discovered the fact by her own acute observation, or was taught it by her ancestors, I do not positively know, but the same thing has been frequently expressed by the august seers of old. And among other writers of great and good reputation, it is to be met with in the didactic comedies of Terence, somewhat, if I remember aright, in the following fashion:—

Nullum est jam dictum, quod non dictum prius.

Now, than Terence, no man was better qualified to say this. It came, indeed, with peculiar propriety from the devastator of Menander, and was probably presented to his audience as a peace-offering, or humble and contrite apology for those shameful acts of robbery which he every day exhibited before them on the Roman stage. And it was not without reasonable cause that he endeavoured to atone for a crime which has been at all times marked with befitting reprobation. Plagiarism, as he well knew, was but another name for infamy; and his natural African shrewdness taught him that the surest way to disarm justice of more than half its force, was to avow openly and candidly his own crimes, and to plead in extenuation of punishment the general prevalence of the thieving vice among the banditti of Parnassus. That it succeeded fully need not be told. It is questionable, however, whether Terence would be regarded by the present age in any loftier light than that of a mere translator, if the works of Menander had survived the general wreck of Literature, for which this good-natured world has to thank wars born of low ambition and the pride of kings. Certes, there never lived a literary pilferer of greater luck. The destruction of Menander established the fame of Terence on a basis which must endure as long as the world itself. And it is this very loss alone which has reconciled us to the plagiarisms of that author. Nay, we now feel grateful to him for having transmitted to us a portrait, however faint, of the inimitable Grecian.

But with plagiarists of the modern race, whose originals are every day to be met with, marshalled on our bookshelves, and courting our acquaintance, the case is very different. Such Irish Rogues and Rapparees as Mr. Tom. Moore, or Mr. Will. Ireland, are not to be treated with the leniency which we extend to Terence and Virgil. They cannot plead with any reason the hackneyed apology of poor Sir Isaac's grandmother; nor will the enormities of preceding writers form an ægis under which they may securely defend those which they have themselves committed. To have transcribed for us the thoughts of deceased poets, and republished them, does not in itself constitute any crime; it is the *falsely palming them on the world as original*, in which the trickery and vileness consist. And such is the view which Dryden has taken of this kind of thieving, in his letter to the Hon. Sir Robert Howard. "In some places," says he, with an honesty which cries shame on our modern fine gentlemen poets, "where either the fancy or the words were his (Virgil's), I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a Plagiary." The propriety of this dictum once established—and he must be a bold man who will question the authority of Dryden on a point of this nature—not a!

* As apothecaries we make new mixtures, every day pour out of one vessel into another; and as those old Romans robbed all the cities of the world to set out their own bad-aited Rome, we skim off the cream of other men's wits, pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens, to set out our own sterile plots.—Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

the arguments in the world will acquit Mr. Moore of the charge of plagiarism, however skilfully his eulogists or parasites may endeavour to gloss over his detected thefts, under the name of *imitations*, allowable in all poetical compositions. Mark the words, I pray you. "I have noted it in the margin that I might not seem a Plagiary." Has Mr. Moore ever done anything like this? Has he ever so annotated his meadows of margin, embosoming his babbling rivulets of rhyme? Alas, there is no answer; or if there be, only such a one as announces he is guilty. Out of the words of Dryden, then, he stands convicted—*He is an imitator who cites his author; he is a Plagiary who does not cite him*. And branded with the latter name henceforth, and into all future time, sneaks Tommy Moore—branded with the infamy (for it is an indelible infamy) of having priggish other men's thoughts, and by concealing that they were so priggish, of having like a false catiff sought to impose them on the world as originals. O rare and honest gentleman! O high-minded and respectable bard! How worthily did tongue so foul as thine declare O'Connell to be "a blackguard!" How admirably does Ireland rank thee "as the first of her sons!" A poor thief who steals a salt sprat, value the twentieth part of a farthing, is liable to exile or imprisonment; a poetic knave who steals literary property, and sells it as his own, is honoured with the laurel. How long is a foul disgrace like this on the world of literature to last? Is the time distant when critics, truly worthy of the name, shall arise with an ability and a will to demolish measureless liars of this description? Yes, I do think better of the literary men of the present age, than to suppose they will any longer abet a verse-robber of such an infamous character? Constituted, as we now are, it is not to be expected that any journalist of Mr. Moore can have the hardihood to defend him for the repeated larcenies of which he has been accused and convicted. In the last century similar attempts at palliation for impostures of this kind were made by barefaced ruffians of the Lockhart and Terdan stamp, but they were instantly scouted down as they deserved. The assassin of Milton's fame—Lauder—had the insolence to justify his forgeries; and the notorious Ireland thus excused his base deceptions on the good faith of Society. In answer to an accusation urged against him "that he had most grossly duped the world," this worthy prototype of Tommy Moore thus insolently replied. "Whose fault is that? Mine or the world's? How could they suffer themselves to be thus deceived? Men of superior genius, of uncommon understanding, truly, sincerely, and firmly believed that Shakespeare alone, and no other, wrote those papers. I knew they would believe it. I knew how far the credulity of mankind might be imposed on. The number of plagiarisms which I collected from all Shakespeare's plays did not deter me. I knew this would be the last subject of investigation. I brought forth this not undigested, not unconnected medley, and success crowned my bold attempt. I have deceived the world, you say. No; the world have deceived themselves. Whose fault is it, I ask again, mine or the world's?" (*Preface to the Abbess, a Romance, in four Volumes, by W. H. Ireland, the avowed Author of the Shakespeare Papers, 1799*). Resolute as Mr. Thomas Moore has proved himself, by the boldness of his plagiarisms, and barefaced as his newspaper satellites have ever been in the extent of their psaises of this man, I scarcely think that either he or they will ever resort to a defence so false and impudent as this.

MISCELLANEOUS.

STEPHEN HELLER.—*The Art of Phrasing. Twenty-four Studies, in Three Books.* Op. 16.—*Twenty-five Studies for the Pianoforte, &c. Two Books.* Op. 45.—*Thirty Studies, &c. Two Books.* Op. 46.—*Twenty-five Studies.* Op. 47.—*Composées par Stephen Heller.*—From the numbers prefixed to these publications, it will be gathered that they range over a considerable period of their composer's career. They are, nevertheless, self-consistent as members of a series which may now probably be accepted as complete. We are not acquainted with anything in modern music more agreeable, individual and practicable, than this centenary of short movements. The notes are by no means difficult,—the melodies of many are new without conceit or extravagance: and yet to play them properly are required qualities of a high order—sensitiveness of touch, nicety of accent, ease and steadiness in the

management of rhythm, and that feeling for the picturesque which is rarely, if ever, called out by the more formal and solid compositions of the elder pianoforte writers—Beethoven's always making the exception. On these grounds, M. Heller's "Studies" are to be warmly commended, whether for study or for pleasure, to all such musicians or amateurs as have a touch of the romantic in their disposition. Their author has published more ambitious and extensive compositions (let us especially particularize among recent works his *Second Grand Sonata for the Pianoforte Solo*), which in due time may receive the respectful attention merited by the care, science, and individuality displayed in them. But, whereas they may be measured against—and will possibly prove to be exceeded by—other works of similar form and order, these hundred studies occupy an excellent and separate place. While their comparative easiness renders them most desirable as introductory practice to the Studies of Moscheles, Chopin, Liszt, and Henselt—their fulness of meaning and elegance of form will furnish occupation for the taste and expressive powers of the pianist, be his amount of *bravura* execution ever so great. Let us conclude by stating that for variety of character, and evenness of excellence, they are highly to be commended. In so extensive a work we have rarely found so few traces of manufacture or weariness.—*Athenæum*.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's *Messiah* will be again repeated (for the last time) on Friday next, 21st instant, at Exeter Hall.

WINDSOR THEATRICALS.—In consequence of the lamented decease of the Queen Dowager, the theatrical performances at Windsor Castle are postponed.

HENRI HERZ, the celebrated pianist and composer, has arrived in London from South America. He will join his brother, Jacques Herz, in the pianoforte classes about to be instituted at the Harley Street Rooms.

MR. FRANK BODDA'S SOIREE MUSICALE took place on Wednesday last, at No. 8, Stratton Street, Piccadilly. The rooms were thronged with an elegant and fashionable assembly. The programme was principally confined to vocal music. The instrumentalists numbered Kate Loder and Mr. F. B. Jewson, pianists; and Mr. Richardson, flautist. The vocalists who joined Mr. Bodda, were the Misses Dolby, Messent, and Pyne, and Messrs. Benson and Land. Mr. Bodda sang the duet from *Figaro*, "Crudel perche," with Miss Messent: a Romanza from Donizetti's *Don Sebastian*, called "O Lisbona;" Kate Loder's plaintive ballad, "The Blind Boy;" the "Madamina," from *Don Giovanni*; and took part in sundry trios and concerted pieces, in all of which he acquitted himself well, especially the "Madamina." Miss Dolby gave Balfe's "Hopeful heart should banish care," in her most effective style. Miss Messent, Miss Pyne, and Mr. Land gave songs, all of which belonged to the good school. Mr. Richardson played a fantasia, of his own composition, on the flute. Mr. F. B. Jewson played Schulhoff's "Galop di Bravura," in a brilliant manner; and Kate Loder Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique* with admirable effect. Mr. Jewson and Mr. Land were the accompanists. All the performances were much applauded, but only one encore was awarded—a glee, in which all the singers participated.

THE DISTINS.—This talented family have been deeply occupied in their musical engagements within the last fortnight. December the 3rd they gave a concert at the Lecture Hall, Greenwich; on the 4th they performed at the Beaumont Institution; 5th, Wednesday Concerts; 6th, Hastings; 7th and 8th, Brighton, morning and evening; 10th, Guildford; 11th, Dorking; 12th, Exeter Hall; and Birmingham yesterday, for the benefit of the Masons' and Orphans' Society.

ZAMBONI.—The *Florence Gazette* announces the death of this once celebrated barytone, who was the original Figaro in *Il Barbiere*, and who, on the second night of the performance of the opera, when its success was established, hurried with the other singers from the theatre to Rossini's house, drew him from under the bed, whither the *Maestro* had fled, when he heard the uproar on the stairs, fearing a repetition of the first night's *fiasco*, and helped to carry him on his shoulders through the city. Zamboni was also a composer, and among his manuscripts after his death, was found the complete score of an opera.

Mr. W. BEALE, the well known glee writer, with his three sons, gave their first of three quartet concerts last Monday, at 76, Harley Street, to a numerous and fashionable audience. The programme included four quartets of Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven; these works of our greatest masters were executed with great skill and artistic feeling. The audience warmly applauded the efforts of the talented family, and we hope that the second concert of the series will be still better attended. The eldest of Mr. Beale's sons executed with great firmness and brilliancy one of the most difficult of Mendelssohn's compositions. Madlle. Enouy has a mezzo soprano voice; she sang twice, and was encored in the well known song "The Swiss Girl."

MADLE. C. ENOUY gave an evening concert on Thursday, the 29th ult., at the Rooms, No. 76, Harley Street.

MUSIC BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—It appears that songs and pieces of music are now sent from Boston to New York by Electric Telegraph. Our American brethren have among them such remarkable musical instruments, and, in fact, such astounding lyres, that nothing coming from the other side of the Atlantic can take us by surprise; and we are, therefore, not altogether dumbfounded by the announcement of music having been carried from one portion of the States to another on the wires of the Electric Telegraph. It must be delightful for a party at Boston to be enabled to call upon a gentleman in New York for a song. The grand point of the invention, however, seems to be, that, if songs can be carried along the lines, our popular vocalists may treble or quintuple their present salaries by singing in four or five places at once. Our own JENNY LIND, for example, who seems to be wanted everywhere at the same time, will have an opportunity of gratifying the subscribers to HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, and a couple of audiences many hundred miles off at the same moment. The telegraph, being found applicable for singing, may also be used by the shareholders, who are beginning to sing out pretty loudly for their dividends, as well as for the directors, who have been obliged to sing rather small during the last twelvemonth. We hope the music of the wires may have the effect of restoring harmony to the railway world, which has long been out of tune, and which has lately been acting by no means in concert.—*Punch*.

HARMONIC UNION.—We perceive, by the Theatre Royal opera bills, that Madlle. Montelli, since her return to Liverpool, has been designed "Madame Santiago, late Mademoiselle Montelli;" so we presume these vocalists have taken each other for better or for worse, and that the compact is to last during the remainder of their natural lives.—*Liverpool Mail*.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The second performance of *The Messiah* by the Sacred Harmonic Society took place on Friday se'nnight at Exeter Hall, before an audience crowded to inconvenience. Frequently as this oratorio has been rendered by the Society we never heard it so well performed as on this occasion, the precision and accuracy of the choruses amounting as near as may be to perfection. The solo vocalists were the same as on the last occasion. As a tribute of respect to the memory of the Queen Dowager the Dead March in *Saul* preceded the oratorio. The impressive character of this dirge, the black drapery that hung from the platform and conductor's rostrum—the singers and the majority of the audience being also attired in deep mourning—added to the general veneration in which the memory of the deceased royal personage was held, gave a peculiar solemnity to the moment which had its effect upon all present. *The Messiah* was repeated last night, for the third time, under precisely similar arrangements. There is a probability of a fourth performance of the same oratorio, owing to the very crowded audiences that have honored the three others.

MAIDSTONE.—A successful concert was given by Mr. Ireson on Thursday evening, in the Corn Exchange, which was crowded. The singing of Mrs. A. Newton and Miss Eyles in the duet, "The May Bells," satisfied the company that the vocal department was well filled. Mrs. A. Newton received much applause in "Lucia di quest' anima," and Miss Eyles sang the page's song from the *Huguenots* with spirit. Mr. Gregg's bass voice was effective in Mozart's "Non più Andrai," and also in a Bacchanalian song, which latter, however, was deficient in spirit. Mr. Clementi possesses a tenor voice of considerable compass, and sung the scena from *Sonambula*, "All is lost now," with such taste and feeling as to obtain

an unanimous encore, but he was compelled to substitute another song; his "Lass o' Gowrie" was also demanded a second time. Miss Eyles was encored in a ballad, and Mrs. Newton received considerable applause in "Lo, here the gentle lark;" the flute obligato accompaniment to which was played by Mr. Field. The glee, "Turn on, Old Time," from *Maritana*, well sung by Miss Eyles, Mr. Clementi, and Mr. Gregg, was repeated. Mr. Clementi also, by request, gave another song, which afforded great satisfaction. The orchestra, which comprised between forty and fifty performers, ably led by Mr. Field, played the overtures, *Fra Diavola* and *Masaniello*, Ireson's Kathleen Quadrille, and a pretty new polka by the same author. The effect of the quadrilles was much enhanced by the cornet playing of Newland, a young man in the *dépot* band. Altogether the concert went off exceedingly well.—*Maidstone Gazette*.

LITERARY INSTITUTION.—A concert was given at the Institution, Edward Street, Portman Square, last evening, under the direction of Charles Furtado. The vocalists were various and numerous, and comprised the names of the Misses Lowe, Morrison, Thornton, Madlle. de Faire, and the Messrs. Williams, Furtado, Collet, Horne, G. Tedder, and W. Carleton. Mr. F. Chatterton performed a fantasia on the harp, and Mr. R. Blagrove a solo on the concertina. Mr. Alfred Norman presided at the piano.

HERTFORD.—On Monday last Mr. Land gave the first of a series of morning performances of English vocal music at the Shire Hall, under the patronage of the Earl and Countess Cowper. Mr. Land was ably assisted by Miss Pyne, Miss Messent, and Mr. Frank Bodda. The concert was elegantly attended, and went off with great *éclat*.

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(To be continued.)

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